

June 26, 1983, p. 1

at 3 P.M., Ann picked me up and ^{then} we drove up to 46 Canada and picked up John and went out to take in the hay in Becker's field (the field behind where Russin's live). We took in just short of 600 bales and put them in the barn on the hill at the Golf Course. Lots of help had been recruited: Kevin Clum, John Atkinson, Melanie and Darren Russin, Laura, Wm and Ann, John, SRP, and RTP, WSP drove the rake and trailer. WSP was having a grand time. He looked 20 years younger as he rode in the summer sun and breeze, a piece of hay in his mouth. Given the large work crew, plus the elevator in the barn, the job was done sans too much effort. At the end of it all, Kevin Clum cut his finger on a piece of siding on the barn. A rather deep cut. Some said he should have stitches; others no. HLRP baked a roast of beef for the after-baying session, and sent it down with Ann. John and I had supper at Brookvalley.

Laura came into town at 7 PM for her Sunday evening youth fellowship hour. William, John and I played around at hitting golf balls. I was surprised to learn that I can still hit a ball quite a distance. John and I were driven into town at about 10 PM. Everyone was quite tired after the day of baying. I can recall when Wm Russel used to take in loose hay and when he used horses to cut/mow the hay. The huge wagon of loose hay would be placed under the huge forks on pulleys at the top of the barn and the forks would be lowered and the hay moved ^{in and} around the barn. I mentioned that as we were putting in the bales this afternoon and everyone looked at me like I was 150 years old. Thirty ^{a punter 35} years ago that was how it was done.

WSP, of course, remembers taking in loose hay, but he was not involved in the picking up the bales and putting them in the barn session this afternoon. When I returned to town, I brought with me a large bag of rhubarb that I picked on the golf course. The mock orange are in bloom everywhere. Incredibly fragrant. I picked ^{for HLRP} with her permission, two small branches from one Russel's bush by the porch at the Golf Course.